Ro. Not hauing that, which hauing, makes them short.
Ben. In loue.
Romeo. Out.
Ben. Of loue.
Rom. Out of her fauour where I am in loue.
Ben. Alas that loue so gentle in his view,
Should be so tyrannous and rough in proofe.
Romeo. Alas that loue, whose view is muffled still,
Should without eyes, see pathwaies to his will:
Where shall we dine? O me: what fray was here?
Yet tell me not, for I haue heard it all:
Heres much to doe with hate, but more with loue:
Why then O brawling loue, O louing hate,
O any thing of nothing first created:
O heauie lightnesse, serious vanity,
Mishapen Chaos of welseeing formes,
Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fier, sicke health,
Still waking sleepe, that is not what it is.
This loue feele I, that feele no loue in this,
Doest thou not laugh?
Ben. No Coze, I rather weepe.
Rom. Good heart at what?
Ben. At thy good harts oppression.
Romeo. Why such is loues transgression.
Griefes of mine owne lie heauie in my breast,
Which thou wilt propagate to haue it preast,
With more of thine, this loue that thou hast showne,
Doth ad more griefe, to too much of mine owne.
Loue is a smoke made with the fume of sighes,
Being purgd, a fire sparkling in louers eyes,
Being vext, a sea nourisht with louing teares,
What is it else? a madnesse, most discreet,
A choking gall, and a preseruing sweet:
Farewell my Coze.
Ben. Soft I will goe along.
And if you leaue me so, you doe me wrong.

Rom. Tut I haue lost my selfe, I am not here,
This is not *Romeo*, hees some other where.
Ben. Tell me in sadnesse, who is that you loue?
Rom. What shall I grone and tell thee?
Ben. Grone, why no: but sadly tell me who?
Rom. A sicke man in sadnesse makes his will:
A word ill vrgd to one that is so ill:
In sadnesse Cozin, I do loue a woman.
Ben. I aymd so neare, when I supposde you lou'd.
Rom. A right good marke man, and shees faire I loue.
Ben. A right faire marke faire Coze is soonest hit.
Romeo Well in that hit you misse, sheel not be hit
With Cupids arrow, she hath *Dians* wit:
And in strong proofe of chastitie well armd,
From loues weake childish bow she liues vnch armd.
Shee will not stay the siege of louing tearmes,
Nor bide th'incounter of assailing eyes.
Nor ope her lap to saint-seducing gold,
O she is rich in beautie, onely poore,
That when she dies, with beautie dies her store.
Ben. Then she hath sworne, that she will still liue chast?
Rom. She hath, and in that sparing, make huge wast:
For beauty steru'd with her seuerity,
Cuts beauty off from all posteritie.
She is too faire, too wise, wisely too faire,
To merit blisse by making me dispaire:
She hath forsworne to loue, and in that vow,
Do I liue dead, that liue to tell it now.
Ben. Be rulde by me, forget to thinke of her.
Rom. O teach me how I should forget to thinke.
Ro. By giuing liberty vnto thine eyes,
Examine other beauties.
Ro. Tis the way to call hers (exquisit) in question more,
These happy maskes that kisse faire Ladies browes,
Being blacke, puts vs in mind they hide the faire:
He that is strooken blind, cannot forget